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The mystery of life was as vague to Alex Posey as it was with all men. He had worked for the best for his people, the red men, and always extended the right hand of fellowship accompanied with an honest smile.

On the bosom of the stream that at last swallowed him he had often paddled his bark. He loved the old river that in a moment of rage extinguished his young life.

Cruel River; to murder so good a friend!

But, as the red men say, it was in the beginning ordained that he should retire from this life as he did. The roar of the old stream put him to sleep and sent him to his long home. To grieve for him is vain and those who had his good will have only regrets that his life was so short. He was one of

the few Indian writers of North America.

Peace to the dead.